

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "My Life"

[scratched:] "Whatty a think makes up a K-R-S?"

[KRS-One:]

Skinny cat, young cat, with a knapsack strapped to my back  
1981 before the crack attack  
I used to let the Olde English 800 suds bubble  
In the last car of the Franklin Avenue shuttle  
Brooklyn, no doubt, Wingate Park, no doubt  
Prospect Park I'm all laid out  
Homeless, my gear played out and I know this  
But I'm an MC I stay focused  
I took the shuttle to the D and wrote my rhymes in a hour  
Took the D to the E, last stop the Twin Towers  
Sittin in the belly of the beast  
In the World Trade organization, bein harassed by the police  
I wrote my rhymes right there on the spot  
New York City, 1984 corruption was hot  
Cats sellin uzis out the Jacob Javits Center for a high price  
Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus:]

[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man  
gotta go through every day of his life"  
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in  
Wake up in the morning thank God"  
[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man  
gotta go through every day of his life"  
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in  
Wake up in the morning" ... "Now it's my turn"  
{"Listen"}

[KRS-One:]

Eighty-five comes in, eighty-six comes in  
The marijuana with the cocaine mix comes in  
High class hustlers, I'm takin flicks with them  
My first songs Red Alert, he's mixin them  
This a far cry from a kid sleepin on the bench  
Now I'm V.I.P. in the club, this don't make sense  
But it does, as I take daps and hugs  
from cats that move drugs, they say "Kris rise above"  
Everybody knew my style, Kris was no coward  
I wanted to get in the game but my peeps wouldn't allow it  
They'd say, "Read them books and write them hooks  
Save our children, give 'em a whole new outlook"  
So I did, I lived like any street kid  
But I was handed 20 books, others were handed 20 year bids  
Still they wouldn't sell to your mother or your wife  
There was respect man~! Let me tell you 'bout my life

*[Chorus]*

*[KRS-One:]*

1987 my career blowin up now  
Me and Scott LaRock took the year growin up now  
Me I'm just a private cat, whatever you perceive as live  
KRS is as live as that  
We the livest act, in eighty-eight, eighty-nine, and ninety-now  
But them years be far behind me now  
In ninety-one, no one can find me now  
I chose the underground to rhyme where it's grimy, WOW  
Rewind me now, 13 albums for you to see  
Or catch me speakin at them universities  
My mind stays keen, I'm hardly ever seen  
I do a lot of work, just not in the mainstream

*[scratched:]* "Know what you need to learn  
Old school artists don't always burn"

*[scratched:]* "Know what you need to learn...  
KRS-One... don't always burn"